

That flanders me with murthers crimson badge,
Say if thou dare prowd Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke Humphreys death.

exit Cardinall.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queene He dares not caline his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.

War. Madame be ye still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall maiestie.

Suff. Blunt witted lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrongd her lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke,
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuils noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in bastardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious bloud-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy bloud,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke pulls him out.

*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons
within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke.
And then enter againe the duke of Suffolke and War-
wicke, with their weapons drawne.*

King Why how now lords?

Suff.

Suff. The traiterous Warwicke
Set al vpon me, mightie soueraigne
*The commons againe cries
with Suffolke. And enter
lisbury.*

Salsb. My Lord, the Commons
That vnlesse false Suffolk here be d
Or banished faire Englands territor
That they will erre from your high
They say, by him the good Duke F
They say, by him they feare the ruin
And therefore, if you loue your sub
They wish you to banish him from

Suff. Indeed tis like the Comm
Would send such message to their
But you my lord were glad to be im
To trie how quaint an Orator you v
But all the honor Salisbury hath go
Is, that he was the Lord Embassado
Sent from a sort of tinkars to the Kin

*The Commons cries, an answer
my Lord of Salsb.*

King Good Salisbury go backe
Tell them we thanke them for all th
And had not I bene cited thus by
My selfe had done it: therefore here
If Suffolke be found to breathe in a
Where I haue rule, but three daies

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the
banishment.

King. Vngentle Queene, to cal h
Speake not for him, for in England
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare
Come Warwicke, and go thou in v
For I haue great matters to impart t

exit King and Warwicke.